Joining the Militia. 1884.

JOINING THE MILITIA

OR THE Comic ADVENTURES OF A RECRUIT

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JOINING THE MILITIA;

OR,

Comic Adventures of a Recruit.

BY BRICKTOP.

ILLUSTRATED BY

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JOINING THE MILITIA,

—OR—

The Comic Adventures of a Recruit.

CHAPTER I.

THE REASON WHY OUR HERO JOINED THE MILITIA.

Brent Adams was a dashing young New Yorker.

He was a handsome young fellow, and the possessor of "whips" of money.

Physically he had the making of an athlete, but having spent most of his time lounging around hotel corridors in the day time, and the parlors of his lady friends in the evening, he had failed in acquiring that strength and vigor of physique that his fine build warranted.

His lazy and sumptuous habits had failed to develop either the physical or mental calibre that distinguishes the majority of young men of the present day.

He was, in fact, an effeminate, dressy, pretty, young ladies' man; and probably he would never have become anything else had not a certain annoying incident inaugurated a complete change in his mode of life.

One morning, a rough-looking man waited upon Brent Adams and served him with a writ demanding his presence at a certain court to do jury duty.

The summons filled the young man's soul with terror. He had never been in a court room in his life, on the contrary, his whole attention had been devoted to ease and pleasure.

With the writ in his coat pocket, Brent Adams rushed off to the house of a friend, and related his trouble.

Tom Jenkins, Brent's friend, was a veteran militia

A Deputy Sheriff delivers our hero a notice to attend on Jury duty.

man, and at once saw that an opportunity had presented itself for making Brent more of a man and less of a lack-a-daisy.

Tom liked Brent very much, and knew that there was the making of an excellent soldier in him.

Assuming a solemn look, Jenkins exclaimed, upon reading the summons:

"By George! Brent, old man, this is bad! they've got you at last, eh?"

"Hang it!" answered Brent, trembling inwardly with apprehension, "what is it all about, anyhow?"

"Well, old man, it means that about three months out of the year you will have to sit in court eight or ten hours a day, and sometimes far into the night, listening to the dryest old legal arguments that ever wearied a human being."

"But, hang it, can't I pay a fine, send a substitute, or something?"

"Nary a substitute, old man! I'm sorry for you; you're gone, sure!"

"I'll run away! I'll go to Europe!"

"Don't try that on, my dear; an ocean telegram would meet you on the other side, and you would be brought back in chains."

"How is it other young fellows are not summoned?"

"Well, you see, they all belong to the militia, or something, and they are consequently exempt."

"Hang it! of two evils I'd rather choose the least. Can't I join the militia?"

A bright smile irradiated Tom Jenkins' face as he answered, "It's your only salvation, old man."

"Can I beat this summons if I join at once?"

"Sure! All you have to do is to go to court and make an affidavit that you belong to the militia, and you are all right."

The company in which Tom had served his time was to hold a company meeting that very week, and as they were anxious to secure recruits, Tom managed to

Our hero was thus sadly under the weather when the committee from the regiment called upon him.

have a committee wait on Brent Adams so as to elect him a member at the meeting in question.

The morning following the service of the summons, a committee from the militia waited upon our hero.

The committee unfortunately appeared at a very inapropos moment.

Brent Adams had met with an accident the night before.

The jury writ had sort of upset the young man, his nerves had become unstrung, and he had gone all to pieces, consequently when a friend asked him to have a glass of wine, he acceded, under the impression that he needed to "brace up" a bit.

Brent was not much of a drinker as a rule, but owing to his nervous condition he took a good deal of the "brace up" elixir, and the consequences were that he went to the other extreme, and got up altogether too much nerve.

His mind got to running on the idea of joining the soldiery, and he became "braced" to such a degree that before midnight he imagined himself a veteran, and on his way home went slashing around at a furious rate, practising the sword movement.

Unfortunately he chanced to run against a crowd of young men gathered at a street corner, and in slashing around at his sword practice he managed to "make a chalk" with his elbows in the cheek of a by-stander.

The young man who caught his elbow was not of much account in the sword business, but he was immense as a hitter, and a stunning blow sent poor Brent with all his martial glory, rolling into the mud.

The Recruit is introduced to the Captain.

Upon the following morning, when our hero arose from his bed he found that a most unsightly protuberance had risen, like an earthwork around his normally handsome orbs.

In plain words, our hero had a pair of as pretty black eyes as ever a stout fist created.

He was thus sadly under the weather when the committee from the regiment called upon him. Brent glibly, yet blushingly, reeled off the oldtime excuse.

He had heard a noise in his room over night, had leaped from the bed in the darkness, and had run against the arm of a protruding gas fixture.

Probably the committee had been there themselves, as it is an experience that overtakes most young men, and they expressed absolute sympathy in his misfortune, and never by word or look indicated that they doubted the story.

A few nights subsequent, after having received notice of his election, Brent was introduced to the captain at the company meeting rooms.

He was tremulous and nervous.

The idea of joining the militia had been very pleasant, but when he encountered the assumed look of sternness that rested over the captain's mustache, and heard the occasional titter of his prospective comrades in arms, the undertaking appeared more formidable.

His annoyance was increased by overhearing sundry comments as to his appearance and possible capabilities as a soldier.

"He's a slim for a long march," exclaimed one, with a wink.

"Phew! only the snap of a cap would frighten that chap!"

"I'll be hanged if I would want that awkward gawk marching behind me to bark my heels!"

"He'd better go home to his mamma!"

"Ain't he a pretty little parlor gimp to be put on night guard.

The above and a million other like comments more or less pointed and satirical, fell upon our poor nervous hero's ears.

Brent was a good man, however, and within his effeminate physical envelopment throbbed a noble heart and a true one, and besides, he possessed a frame that the drill exercise could readily develop.

Having overheard the disparaging remarks above noted, one would have thought that the young man would have shunned his prospective comrades.

On the contrary, at the close of the meeting, he invited a number of them to join him in a little impromptu supper.

Wine and good fare rather raised him in the estimation of the rollicking chaps, still they could not forbear testing his nerve, and having a little fun at his expense.

"How long did the drill take to kill Burleigh?" asked one.

"Oh! Burleigh went off in hasty consumption in about six months!"

"He was about such a built fellow as our new member," remarked another, in an undertone.

"How is your arm, Tom?" called another.

Brent's comrades fit him out in a nice-fitting uniform.

"Well, it's coming around all right, but the doctor says I was lucky that the musket didn't kick my whole shoulder off!"

"I wonder if Dick has got out of the hospital yet?"

"You mean one of our company whose musket exploded?"

"Yes; the new recruit who did not know how to load."

"The captain says he will come out with the loss of an arm only."

"I'm glad of that, for its only six weeks since we turned out to the funeral of that comrade of ours whose cartridge box exploded and cut him to pieces."

These and many more were the horrible reminiscences that poor Brent was compelled to listen to, and his blood ran cold at the prospect of the fearful peril he would encounter as a raw recruit, and he almost regretted that he had not served upon the jury.

CHAPTER II.

OUR HERO AT LENGTH FACES THE PERILS OF THE AWKWARD SQUAD.

Brent Adams had joined the militia in the summer, long after the season drills had ceased.

At length, however, the regular drills were resumed and the effeminate young son of lots of tin was placed in the awkward squad.

For a young man who had never done any manual labor in his life, it was a pretty rough experience.

It had been discovered by the members of the company that the new recruit had plenty of money, and the boys set out to induce him to drop some of his shekels.

About every veteran had some article in the way of uniform to dispose of.

One young warrior explained to our hero that it was better to wear a good roomy jacket. "You see," said he, "if you have a nice fitting, bran new jacket on the march, every one will recognize you as a recruit; and the gamins along the streets are down on recruits, and the way rotten eggs are likely to fly against a spic and span new uniform is awful."

Brent bought the jacket and tried it on. The garment had been made for a man six feet in height and forty-six inches across the chest.

Brent was five feet nine and odly thirty-six inches across the chest.

The jacket was not only dingy in color, but there was an odor about it significant of various experiences in many campaigns.

Another youth came forward with a pair of pants, and others with a fatigue cap, another a coat, a full uniform dress coat—in fact every article pertaining to

With the price of the old clothes in their pockets, the rogues enjoy his discomfiture.

the outfit of the citizen soldier was disposed of to our hero, and not one of all the things was worth one cent to him.

He purchased half a dozen jackets, as many sets of belts, a dozen pair of pantaloons, all too large for him, four overcoats, the skirts of which tapped his heels, and in fact a superfluous quantity of other articles.

The arguments used by his comrades were ingenious and speci us, the main one being to the effect that he must avoid as much as possible appearing at the first parade as a recruit, lest he might become the butt of the great throngs who watched all military parades.

When once arrayed in a complete suit of equipments, our hero presented a most ludicrous appearance indeed; and to crown all, the mischievous warriors who had made him their victim were not satisfied with the greenbacks they had stowed away in their pockets, the price of garments fit only for the rag-bag, but they must induce him to don his *new clothes*, while from an adjoining room they peeped through and enjoyed his discomfiture.

One good natured youth opened the little game to Brent and gave him good and proper advice, and soon the young soldier was arrayed in a new and well-fitting uniform.

The purchase of the old clothes, however, was but the beginning of tricks destined to be played upon him.

Our young soldier was placed under the care of a corporal, and his physical tortures commenced.

The corporal was an embryo martinet, and he commenced his series of tortures by drilling Brent in the proper poise of the body.

Our young soldier is tortured under the tutelage of a corporal.

Such twistings, and bendings and double action genuflections of the day as our soldier went through was terrible.

For four hours he was kept at muscle straining exercise, until the perspiration burst through his new uniform as the globules of sweat break through the pores of the skin.

The stern corporal neither smiled nor sympathized. but relentlessly kept the youth twisting and straining, like a man in the writhings of a hard colic.

Brent at last was compelled to succumb.

From sheer exhaustion, he fell upon the floor, and in mournful tones he muttered: "Oh! would I were a juryman!"

Having put our young soldier through the poises until he had almost killed him, the corporal curtly remarked—

"If the drills don't kill you during the next ten weeks, the chances are in time you may become a soldier!"

"May it kill me within the next ten days, and send me to the *rest* found in the grave!" muttered the poor exhausted youth, who at that moment felt like a seasick lass who was ready to die.

On the following drill night our hero was put in with a squad.

To his misery was superadded mortfication at the awkward evolutions that followed.

The barking of his shins and the bruising of his heels was nothing compared to his wounded pride.

Again and again, by his awkwardness, he threw the

Mark—Time—March !—

Ever and anon he would throw the who'e line into confusion.

whole line into confusion, and there fell upon his ears such comments as:

"Hang that awkward loon! That dunce ought to be bayoneted! He'll never make a soldier!"

The file marching without arms was bad enough, but when it came to the company front manœuvre it became confusion worse confounded.

The poor recruits became at times inextricably mixed and the growling began.

The man on his right accused our hero of tripping him up, and the man on his left threatened to put a head on him when the drill was over, while the orderly railed at the whole gang.

Poor Brent! he felt as though he would like to fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, anywhere to escape the misery and torture of becoming a soldier.

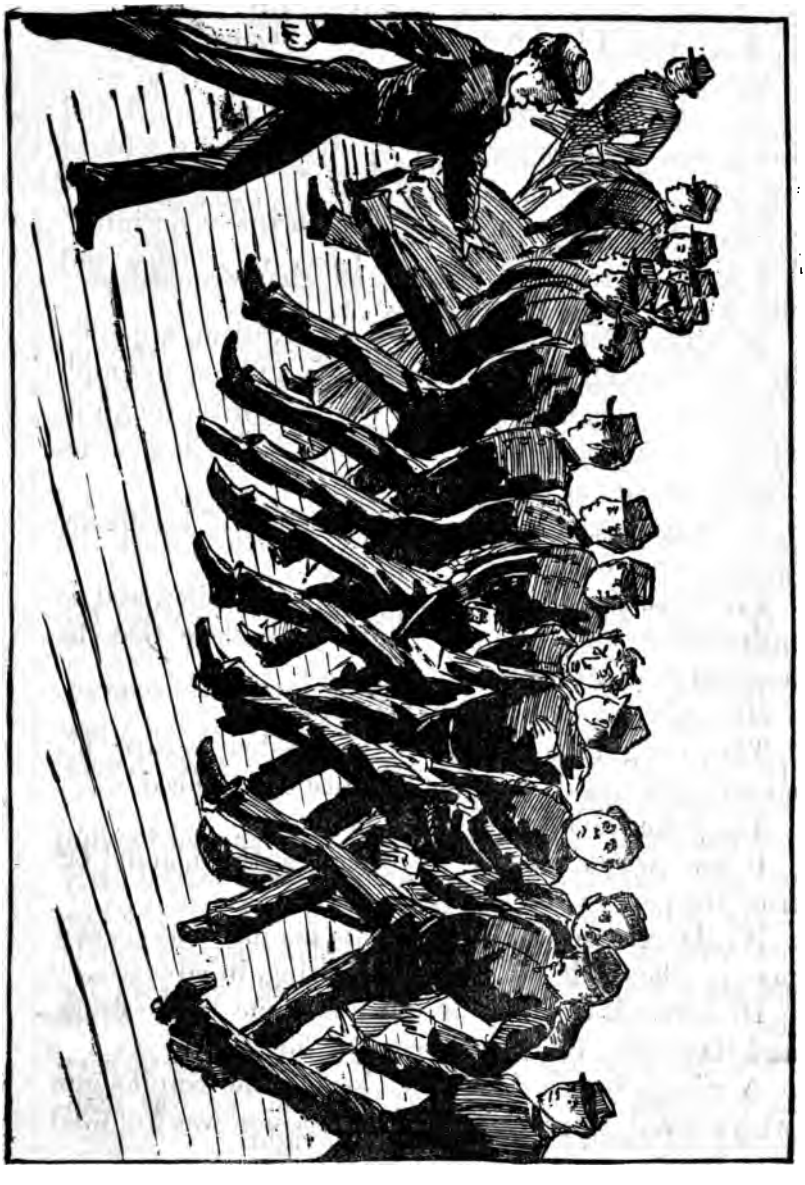
At length the auspicious moment arrived when the musket was placed in his hands.

Within the first half hour a terrible accident occurred.

He was being drilled with a small squad, and when the order came to "order arms," down came a comrade's musket on our hero's toe.

Brent really thought that he was maimed for life, and memories of the fellow who had been buried early in the spring, and the other lad who had left the hospital with the loss of an arm, floated across his mind; and yet not one word of sympathy was expressed for him.

On the other hand, he was merely requested to keep his foot out of the way next time, and he was maliciously informed that it served him right.



When it came to a march, company front, it was confusion worse confounded.

"Oh! would I were a juryman!" moaned the poor soul-tried soldier.

At length the youth was put in the large squad, and all the horrors of his previous experience were combined and intensified.

Thus, night after night were his tortures continued, but at length the young man felt a ray of hope and satisfaction dawn in his heart.

He discovered that he had an excellent appetite. He felt active, bouyant and vigorous, and one morning coming from his bath tub he discovered little ridges of muscle rising on his forearm and stretching away toward the shoulder.

A change began to come over the spirit of his dream.

His former enthusiasm returned.

Brent imagined that at last he was a soldier, and so enthusiastic and emulous did he become that he resolved to drill in private.

His ambition was thoroughly aroused.

The young recruit received permission to carry his musket home, and the room practice commenced.

The young soldier got along famously.

It was twice as easy to go through the manual far from the gaze of the vigilant orderly.

He thought he would anticipate his instructions and practice the mode of loading and firing, in advance.

He succeeded admirably until it came to the firing, and then there followed a scene of horror.

A mischievous comrade had loaded the recruit's gun with a blank cartridge, and the explosion was followed by a terrific crash.

At the command order arms the butt of a musket was planted on his great toe with tremendous force.

Our soldier had been going through his exercises in front of a mirror, and unfortunately the muzzle of his musket was within a few inches of the glass when the hammer fell.

Calamitous was the result!

The landlady and all the boarders rushed to the

room, only to find the brave recruit standing aghast amidst the ruin he had wrought.

Brent was fearfully mortified.

He had been boasting of his expertness and proficiency only to be caught in such a ridiculous display.

Our hero resolved to redeem himself, and about a week later invited the guests of the house to meet him in the parlor where he would give them an exhibition drill.

Alas! once again mortification and misfortune overtook him.

His brain was all a whirl with excitement. He came to an "order arms" in the centre of the room, and when he went to a shoulder again a catastrophe occurred.

His bayonet pierced a two hundred and fifty dollar chandelier, and that costly of ornament, with a fearful crash, came to atoms upon the floor.

A porcelain globe landed directly on our hero's head, and formed a curious helmet for himself, amidst the shrieks of laughter that greeted his performance.

Mingled with the laughter of the guests came a succession of piercing shrieks from the landlady as she beheld the work of ruin.

Poor Brent! his road to perfection as a soldier appeared to be strewn all along with the most direful calamities

CHAPTER III.

THE HUMORS OF THE FIRST PARADE.

Time works wonders; and time well improved, despite his many misfortunes, brought most excellent results to our hero.

He had been made the victim of all sorts of practical jokes during his whole progress toward the standard of a thoroughly drilled soldier.

There was never a display of ill nature in any of the tricks played upon him.

He had entered the regiment an effeminate sort of a chap—in fact a genuine "softy"—and the jokes played upon him were merely necessary as a part of the "hardening" process.

A good soldier must be both physically and mentally a rough and ready man; tough, active and courageous, as well as possessed of indifference to trifling physical annoyances, and ready to encounter all sorts of tests of bodily endurance.

It was rather rough on our lack-a-daisy in the start, but as his muscles began to develop, giving vigor and elasticity to his whole frame, he began to experience the real benefits of becoming a soldier.

Again, as he advanced, he in turn had his own fun at the expense of later recruits.

The same experiences through which he had been

compelled to pass were encountered by the new members who joined the company at a later period,

Already Brent Adams had developed into a strong, lithe, active. muscular young man.

From a lack-a-daisy he had grown into a strong limbed youth of most excellent proportions, ready and able to give and take with the best of his comrades.

He had still another experience to encounter, however, and it was some months before he enjoyed the full glory of a martial life, less the annoyances attendant during the preliminary drilling process.

The time at length came when he was armed, as the phrase goes, cap-a-pie.

It was a happy day when he was able to strap the knapsack on his back, and with musket to the shoulder present, in appearance and attitude, the full fledged citizen soldier.

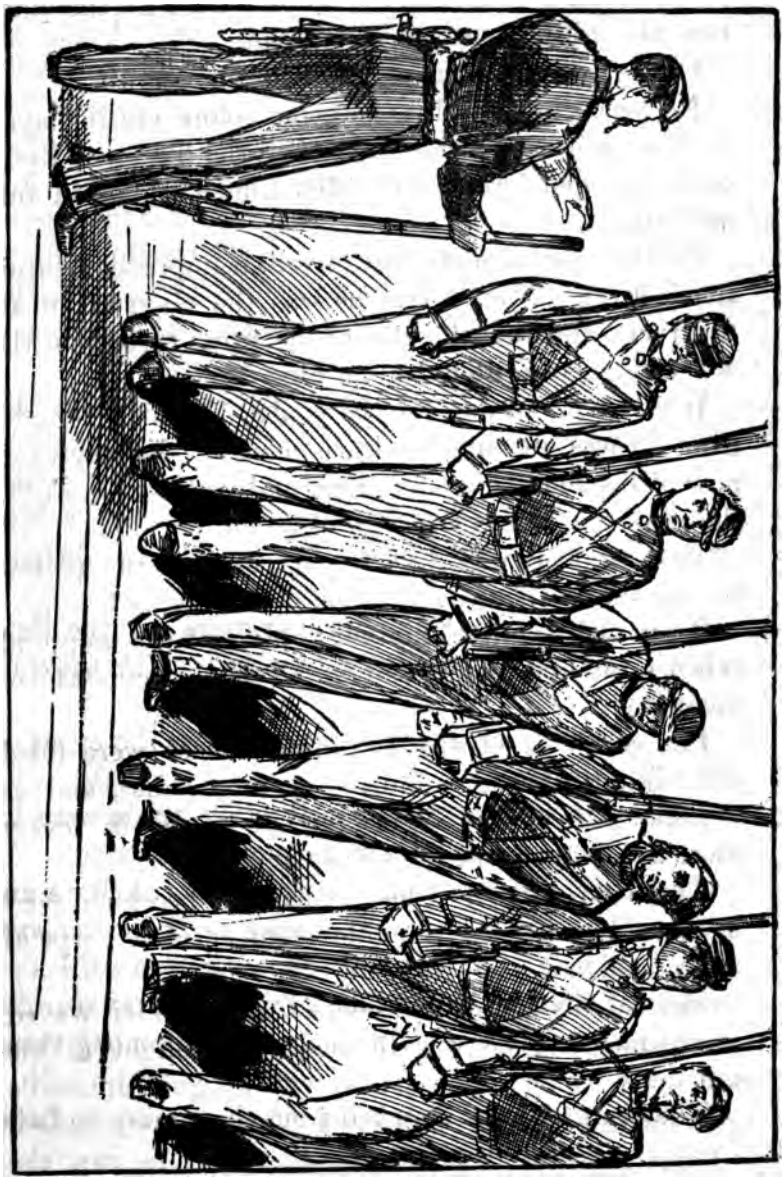
Brent had longingly looked forward to the time when he should be permitted to parade with the full company.

He looked forward to his first parade as the event of his military life.

Little did he dream that still other trials were in store for him even upon that auspicious occasion.

The date for the annual inspection by the State Inspector General came around, and as the command wished to make as grand an appearance in drill and numerical strength as possible, all the advanced recruits were drafted into the main company, and among them our hero.

The company was marched from the armory to Lafa-



He was put in an advanced squad, and all the horrors of his experience were combined and intensified.

yette Place, a broad thoroughfare where in the olden time the military men went to form.

Oh! grand were the emotions of our recruit.

No peacock with all its gorgeous colors ere displayed them with greater pride than filled the bosom of Brent as he marched forth for the first time a soldier in full uniform.

As they passed along the street an impression intuitively filled his mind that he was the observed of all observers. and that the eyes of the great throng on the side-walk were centered upon him.

It was a proud day for the youth, but alas! ere its close he was destined to learn more of the waywardness of his companions in arms, and realize more fully the trials that beset the path of a recruit.

The regiment was duly formed in line, the review followed, and the usual intermission succeeded.

Brent had acquitted himself nobly, and was as proud and happy at the moment as all the circumstances warranted.

The windows of the adjoining houses were filled with beautiful and admiring young ladies, and as handkerchiefs fluttered in the air, waved in lovely jeweled hands, Brent felt simply immense.

He began to glory that he had not become a poor juryman, but instead a noble member of a corps of citizen soldiery.

Off went his hat as he saw a handkerchief waved toward him, and he was thrilled with delight as the captain stood off a few paces with a significant smile upon his face and an approving wink of approbation.

Every time Brent raised his eyes aloft he saw the

The landlady and boarders rushed into the room only to find the young soldier aghast amidst the ruin he had wrought.

black eyed beauty with her lovely orbs fixed upon him.

The beauty's eyes glowed with admiration such as he had never before been able to elicit previous to becoming a soldier.

During those few brief months he was in a dream of delight, but at length the spell was broken by the

command floating upon the air from way down the street "Bat-tal-ion"—&c.

The regiment was speedily re-formed and the march began toward the public square where the inspection was to take place.

It was on the inspection ground that the first mortification of the day occurred.

Brent's position was to the right of the rear rank of the company.

As he heard the inspection officer advancing behind him, he at the same moment beheld the beautiful black-eyed heroine of the handkerchief flirtation standing in the crowd close to him.

The fair belle had evidently followed the regiment, and her admiration had drawn her to that particular spot where our hero proudly stood in the ranks.

A most mortifying contretemp occurred.

Some of our hero's mischievous companions had advised him to put a flask of whiskey in his cartridge box instead of the full compliment of cartridges, and there in the presence of the fair girl with fascinating black eyes, our soldier was roundly berated for a violation of discipline.

At the conclusion of the inspection the customary march followed.

Brent had recovered from his sense of mortification, upon receiving an encouraging smile from the fair girl with the black eyes.

In passing from the parade ground a second mortifying incident occurred.

A detachment of the company to which our hero

A porcelain globe landed directly on our hero's head, and formea a curious helmet.

belonged was withdrawn from the main body of troops in order to be detailed as a special guard of honor to a noted guest of the regiment.

Brent's position was center man of the detachment, and as they were marching along a singular obstacle to a perfect company front appeared in their pathway.

A sow with a magnificent litter of pigs lay wallowing in a hollow.

"Three files on the right to the rear!" came the command.

Our hero misunderstood the order and came chock-a-block on the sow.

As our hero attempted to leap the filthy animal, the latter with a grunt rose to its feet, and the encumbered soldier was caught astride the slime-covered beast.

A roar of laughter greeted his mishap from the surging throng, and as Brent raised his eyes he saw the black-eyed girl with her lovely face buried in her handkerchief, while her exquisitely graceful form was convulsed with laughter.

The youth did not heed the suppressed words of rage that fell from the captain's lips, there was too great a rush and surging in his ears, and objects began to float before his vision, so that he imagined he was about to faint.

A comrade kindly reassured him, and the line which had been thrown into temporary confusion was reformed and the march was resumed.

Our hero's first parade closed with one more serious misfortune.

Some of his comrades had told him that it was neces-

sary for a long march to put sand in his shoes, to keep his feet from giving out.

In good faith our hero accepted the kindly advice and followed it.

During the early portion of the parade his excitement prevented him from fully realizing the result of the experiment, but after a while the realization was forced upon him.

At length the time arrived when he appeared as the full fledged citizen soldier.

His blistered feet began to glow as though an inner roll of living flame lined his shoes.

As the march continued, it became a living torture, and at length, instead of marching, he fairly danced along, while his features were convulsed with agony.

The captain, ignorant of the trick that had been played upon the youth, reprimanded him several times, thinking he was merely cutting up shines.

The poor recruit's antics increasod, and at length came the order for him to leave the ranks in disgrace.

Poor Brent danced to one side of the street amidst the jeers of the side-walk crowd, and in a perfect state of torture removed his shoes only to discover at last that he had been the victim of a heartless joke that had caused the experience of his first parade to wind up in misery and mortification.

He raised his hat as a handkerchief fluttered in the air, waived by a jeweled hand.

CHAPTER IV.

CAMP EXPERIENCE.

Our hero returned home after the parade much depressed in spirits.

It appeared to him that his first parade had proved a failure.

The one poignant grief was the idea that the pretty black eyed girl had been a witness to his most serious and mortifying mishaps.

The young man's recollections had become stirred, and he remembered having met that same young lady before, under circumstances that had not left a pleasant impression upon his mind.

At an evening party, some months previous to joining the militia, he had been introduced to her, and immediately after the introduction he had overheard the whispered comment:

"Is that Brent Adams? Well, what a Miss Nancy man he is! I shan't like him, I know; he is not half manly enough!"

Brent was a lack-a-daisy no longer.

His exercise as a militiaman had developed him into a strong muscular young man, and it struck him that it was the fact of recognizing him as a fine soldier that the black-eyed lady had deigned to smile upon him.

It was on the inspection ground that the first mortification of the day occurred.

Brent was depressed but not discouraged, and a few weeks subsequent to the experiences recorded, he had an opportunity of proving that he was not merely a "parader," but a young man of grit and courage.

A great riot arose in the city of New York, and the regiment to which our hero was attached was the first to be ordered out.

It was our hero's first opportunity to get a taste of real service, and he took his place in the ranks with a beating heart.

The boys were marched through the streets amidst great excitement, down to the point where the riot was in progress.

It was in a portion of the great city notorious for acts of lawlessness.

Our hero's company was deployed as skirmishers and received the post of honor in the advance.

Down a narrow street they marched, when suddenly a shower of bricks was hurled upon them.

Brent saw his comrades keeled over one after another as the affray became quite hot.

The young man's blood boiled, and he waited with impatience the command to charge.

Seeing that the soldiers did not fire, but stood and took the assault unflinchingly, the rioters became emboldened, and one great burly ruffian led a charge of rioters against a handful of soldiers of which our hero was one.

At length the order to charge bayonets came, and it was with a thrill of delight that Brent joined in the double-quick with fixed bayonets against the crowd.

It was with a feeling of delight that the young soldier had the pleasure of pricking the leader of the rioters in the rear with his saber-bayonet.

The charge was a grand success.

The mob was scattered like sheep, and when the affair was all over and the company returned to the armory, the captain of the company clapped our young hero upon the shoulder and exclaimed,

"Brent, my lad! you are a good soldier!"

The youth was proud and felt himself already a veteran, and he gloried in the fact that fate had made him a gallant militiaman instead of a juryman.

Brent had still one more experience to encounter, however, and was destined to pass through one more soul-trying incident.

The regiment was ordered into its annual encampment, and as luck would have it, our hero was assigned the very first night to do guard duty.

Many a brave man will face a foe in open daylight without the quiver of a muscle, who would be subject to chills when alone and in the darkness.

It is a trying experience to stand alone through the long hours of the night on the qui vive for every sound.

Brent tried to keep up his courage by constantly walking his beat, but despite his attempts to feel brave and resolute, as the night hours grew apace, he became mighty squeamish.

Several times he had been startled by strange noises.

The awful stillness was oppressive.

The fall of a leaf would set his heart to beating tumultously.

It was some time after midnight, however, when the real test came.

It was an awfully dark night.

One could hardly see the length of a musket.

Our hero had been standing at an order arms when he heard a strange noise.

His bayonet was brought to a charge, and in trembling tones he challenged,

"Who comes there?"

Some one was advancing but refused to acknowledge the challenge,

A friend would have answered; a foe have kept silent.

Brent's heart began to beat wildly.

It was all right charging on a mob amidst the excitement of the moment, but when it came to shooting down a fellow being in cold blood at midnight, it was an entirely different experience.

The steps continued to advance and our hero cocked his weapon and challenged again.

Still no answer, and nearer and nearer came the approaching foe.

The perspiration burst through the pores of our hero's skin, and his limbs trembled under him, but he was resolved to do his duty.

At length through the darkness there appeared a horrible apparition.

"Stand!" cried our hero, and his challenge was answered by an unearthly snort.

"Heaven save us!" muttered the youth, as he discharged his musket.

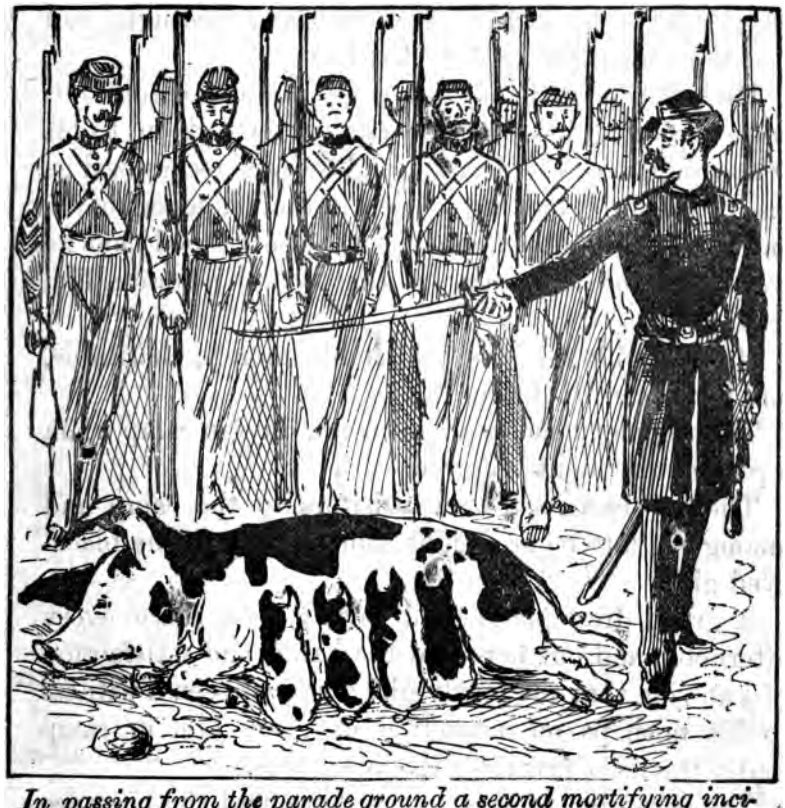
A shrill shriek broke the stillness—the apparition disappeared amidst a horrible clatter.

The relief came rushing to the spot, an examination followed, and the mystery was solved.

Our faithful militiaman had put a minnie rifle ball through the ear of a white jackass.

When he discovered his error our hero felt much like braying himself with mortification, especially as he listened to the jokes and sneers of his companions.

His wounded pride, however, was healed to a certain extent when the officer of the guard informed him that under the circumstances he had done just right.



In passing from the parade ground a second mortifying incident occurred.

Brent Adams had at last encountered his final experience as a recruit.

He had become posted in all the tricks and jokes incident to the first stages of a citizen soldier's life.

As previously recorded, he had developed into a strong, muscular young man.

No more could he consistently be called a lack-a-daisy or a Miss Nancy.

Besides the muscular development attendant upon regular drills, he had practised in the gymnasium, and had become an accomplished athlete.

He had been a handsome young fellow before, but since becoming a soldier the manly tone given to his frame enhanced his beauty, and he was recognized as one of the finest looking soldiers in the whole regiment; and among his companions it was understood that he was to fill the first vacancy that would advance him from the ranks.

He was a liberal fellow with his money, charitable, and generous to a fault.

The regiment had been but a few days in camp when a pleasant incident occurred.

There were a great many visitors to the camp, and among the latter one bright morning came the black-eyed girl.

A grand dress parade and review took place every afternoon, and our hero had the pride and satisfaction of knowing that the lovely girl who had been a witness to his mishaps on inspection day, saw him in camp under the most favorable circumstances.

The encampment was on the shore, and the presence

of the regiment had attracted the usual number of pedlers, peripatetic showmen and other schemers of amusement.

An enterprising boatman had built a float opposite the encampment, and the military and visitors patronized him freely.

Brent had ceased to be fancy free ever since his meeting with the lovely black-eyed beauty on inspection day.

Since that eventful occasion her image had been ever present to his imagination, and the young man

Some of his comrades had told him it was necessary to put sand in his shoes for a long march.

could not disguise to himself the fact that he was deeply in love.

The young lady visited the camp with a very stylish and handsome man.

The pair appeared not only to be on very intimate terms, but our hero imagined that he could detect very affectionate glances slyly interchanged.

Our hero was like all love-sick young chaps, jealous where he had not at the time any claim to be intimate even.

He wandered off by himself to the shore.

He had worked himself into about as unhappy a mood as he possibly could.

He was stretched on the bank when he saw the black-eyed beauty and her stylish escort go down to the boatman's float and enter a pleasure boat.

In the littleness of his heart our hero in an un-hero-like manner wished that the boat would upset and that the stylish young stranger would drown.

Such a wish was not characteristic of the youth, but at the moment he was blind with jealous rage.

Brent had thrown off his coat, and he also removed his shoes, intending to stroll along the beach bare footed and lave in the waves as he walked along.

Little did the youth dream how fortunate the removal of his shoes and coat was destined to prove ere the sun of that beautiful day went down.

He had walked some way along the beach when suddenly a wild scream fell upon his ear.

He turned, and lo! his evil wish appeared in a most wonderful manner to have been fulfilled.

A pleasure boat had been caught sideway to the breakers caused by a passing steamboat, and had been upset.

A young man was clinging to the overturned boat and a young lady was struggling in the waters a few feet distant.

The young man clinging to the boat yelled for assistance most lustily, but did not swim over to the young lady's assistance, who was drowning right before his eyes, and almost within arms length.

One glance was sufficient for our hero.

He recognized the young man clinging to the boat and yelling so lustily, as the stylish youth who had gone to sail with the black-eyed beauty.

Within the same instant that our hero turned about, his attention attracted by the screams, he realized all the facts we have recorded.

Within that same instant also he had made a rush through the waters and was swimming toward the drowning girl.

Fortunately the boat had been overturned within a hundred feet of the shore, and Brent Adams' prompt and gallant action enabled him to reach the struggling girl.

By the time our hero had lifted her on the boat a large crowd had assembled on the beach.

"Do not fear!" said Brent to the lovely but dripping beauty, after he had got her safely perched on the bottom of the overturned boat.

Brent had reached her so promptly that she had not swallowed any of the salt water, and being a plucky

girl, when once safe, all her courage returned, and in answer to Brent's encouraging words, she exclaimed cheerily,

"Oh! I am all right! thanks to you!"

Our hero imagined as she spoke that she cast a look of extreme contempt towards the young man who had been her escort, and whose inexperience or carelessness had precipitated the accident.

A boat had been secured and put out from the shore to bring the drenched party to the beach.

As Brent got into the boat his pants betrayed him as a member of the regiment, and a great shout went up from the crowd.

The boys were delighted that one of their number, a citizen soldier, had proved himself a man of courage.

The young man who had clung to the boat while the girl was drowning, came to our hero, and in a condescending manner, remarked—

"Young man, you shall be suitably rewarded for your assistance to me in succoring Miss Emily Claflin; I should have saved her, but your assistance was of great service!"

Our hero stepped over and whispered in the fop's ear,

"You coward! if you say one more word I will run you down to the shore and duck your head in the mud, the water would be too clear for such a poltroon as yourself!"

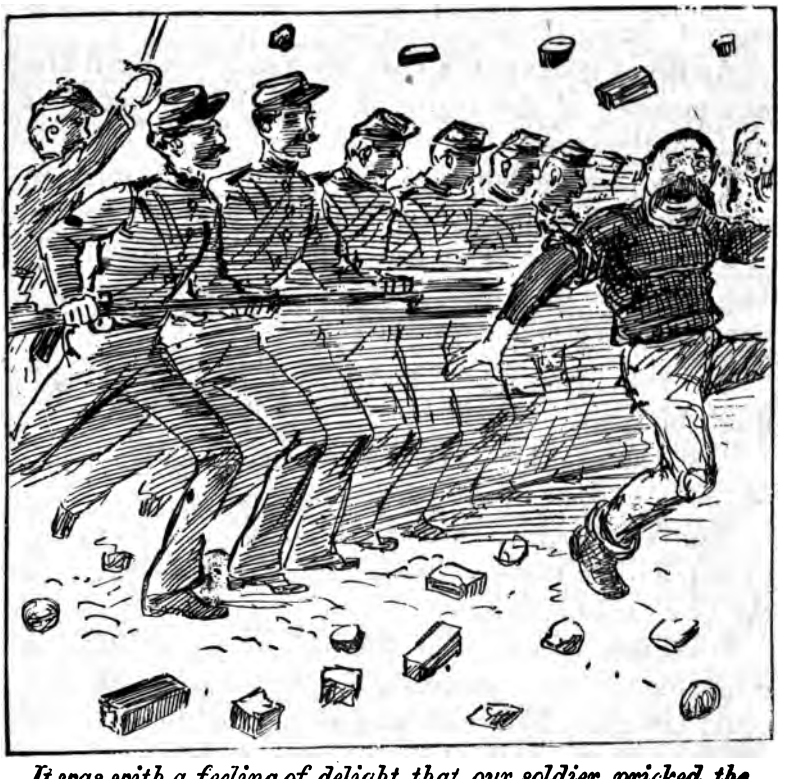
For the balance of that day our young soldier was the hero of the camp.

The young lady had been removed to a neighboring hotel.

The morning following set in as a damp, rainy day. The boys found it necessary to board their tent floor, and the question arose on all hands how should they secure some boards.

They were all honorable young, men and yet their necessities were great.

There were no lumber yards near them, and the surrounding farmers or landowners had none that they were willing to spare, not even for cash.



It was with a feeling of delight that our soldier pricked the rear of one of the riotors with his bayonet.

Civil law is sometimes subject to military exigencies, as the right of habeas corpus is ofttimes suspended during great war crises.

The boys must have some boards or lie in the wet and mud.

Brent and a companion started to "*win*" some.

The young men passed fully a mile from camp when they came to a place where some planks hung temptingly loose from a dilapidated fence.

The two young soldiers crept forward, seized each a plank, and with a "one, two, three," there came a rip, a tear and a crash, and two athletic young men in grey uniform might have been seen running away with two large planks.

Suddenly behind them was heard a shout.

"Holdt on der! holdt on! vot you do? mine shiminettee! tieves! tieves! stop tieves!"

Mingled with the shouts came the barking of a dog and the clatter of feet.

The Dutchman was in full pursuit of the uniformed board burglars.

It was an exciting chase, but it came to an ignominious close to some of the parties engaged.

Brent's companion had the lead, and in attempting to leap a ditch made a slip and tumbled headlong into the black mud and water.

Brent was tripped and tumbled in on top of his companion; the Dutchman, flying along at full tilt, could not check his speed, and he also fell in pell-mell on the robbers, while the dog stood upon the banks barking furiously.

Such a splashing and sputtering as followed was immense, and such a struggling and scrambling as ensued was also funny to behold.

All three at length crawled from the ditch, and three nice-looking mud-besmeared beings they were.

The Dutchman collared one of the thieves, and the emulous dog sought to secure another by fastening his teeth in the calf of his leg.

A lusty kick sent the dog ki-kiing back towards the

At length through the darkness there appeared a horrible apparition.

house, but the Dutchman was not so easily disposed of, as he was determined to hold one of the robbers.

A struggle followed on the bank, and finally resulted in the owner of the boards taking a second involuntary swim in the ditch, while the soldiers once more made off with their booty.

The thieves reached camp, and after several more excursions, secured enough planks to floor the tent.

The day before the regiment broke camp to return home, a dray arrived at the Dutchman's house with a load of new plank, and the two thieves who had robbed the old man and who had wound up by tossing him into the ditch, took dinner with the old fellow, and quite a hilarious time followed.

The boys explained to the old man that it was against the rules for soldiers to buy boards for their own use—in fact, they were expected to steal what they wanted, so as to learn how to forage in case they should ever be called upon for active service.

So the old Dutchman had money in his purse, and a whole load of new plank in return for his two old ones; he was perfectly satisfied, and innocently remarked—

"Vy didn't you tole me so and not trow me into de ditch? but it was all right, I know you must have your leetle fun, eh? Vell, I was not much madt, and I *gif you de planks*—y-a-a-s. I gif you de planks, and den you consider your conscience clean, y-a-a-s!"

Our hero enjoyed his camp life hugely.

A zest was added to his enjoyment when upon the day following his gallant rescue of the black-eyed girl.

The boys went in for cheap boards.

he received a beautiful little note acknowledging his great service.

The coy maiden even recalled the fact of their former introduction, and wittily alluded to the singular circumstance that their acquaintance should have been renewed while in bathing.

Of course, she had not seen or recognized him previously, and yet it was remarkable that the recognition

should have come when she was blinded with salt water and half drowned.

Brent made up his mind not to attempt just then to explain the mystery, but did resolve to accept the invition to call on her "WHEN RELIEVED" from his military duties.

Our hero had another little camp experience, one that has probably come to the majority of our militia men who have gone into camp.

Night hung heavy upon the hands of the young men who, when at home, had so many methods for spending the evening, and occasionally they practised a little breech of discipline.

The rule of the camp was that all lights should be extinguished at "taps."

One night the boys became engaged in an interesting game of "whist."

Taps were "beat," but the lads played on, and left their "lower lights burning."

Suddenly they were heard, and a transformation scene followed.

The change from light to darkness, from the card board to the bed, was magical.

A few seconds later a hand to which was suspended a lantern, was thrust through the opening, and an instant later a head followed.

A pair of sharp eyes surveyed the scene.

The men were in their bunks, and sonorous snores, both musical and natural, arose on every side.

A hushed voice remarked—

"I thought I saw a light!" The lantern was with-

drawn, retreating steps were heard, as the "grand rounds" passed on, while the musical snores of a moment previous were changed to merry titters at the cute manner in which the officer of the guard had been fooled.

A smothered light was arranged, the game was resumed, and it was far into the morning when snores free and hearty issued from the lips of real sleepers, now tired and weary, had at last "doused their glim,"

Steps were heard.

and had sought, at last, nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep.

There were many chances for fun in camp.

One scene, our hero afterwards declared, that he would never forget.

Brent and his companions were in their tent, and were engaged in a game of cards by the aid of a smothered light.

Some of our young friends who have never been to camp may wish to know what smothered lights may be.

A smothered light is a candle inserted in a home-made box, inclosed on all sides with only an aperture through which the light is directed by aid of deftly adjusted bits of blocks, so that it only centers upon one point, and none of the radiance is permitted to shine in any other direction.

It is in fact a home-made masked lantern most ingeniously constructed.

Our hero and his tent mates were playing a game of whist by the aid of one of these lights, and had extended their play far on towards midnight, when suddenly they were startled by hearing a most dismal wail.

A mournful cry appeared to issue, like heart-rending accents from a thousand mourners at the same moment.

"Heavens!" cried Brent, springing to his feet, and listening with anxious features, "what is that?"

"Some of the boys must be dead!" exclaimed one of our hero's companions.

"An accident must have occurred!" cried another.

One of the young men did not exhibit the least concern.

On the contrary, a merry look overspread his face, as he exclaimed–

"Stop the game, boys; there is fun abroad."

His companions, who were enjoying their first camp experience, looked at their comrade in amazement.

It was a strange mystery to them that there should

Ah, I thought I saw the glimmer of a light.

be FUN abroad with such a mournful, soul-harrowing wail issuing from a thousand throats at the same moment.

The game was stopped, and as the four young soldiers listened, they heard the roll of the muffled drum, accompanied with the tones of the fife wailing in mournful spurts that monotonous, but sad air, to which so many poor defunct military heroes have been consigned to the tomb.

"It's a funeral!" exclaimed Brent.

"Yes, it's a funeral!" cried the man who appeared so merry upon such a solemn occasion.

"Who's dead?" asked one.

"It must be an officer who has dropped off with apoplexy," remarked another.

"Hang you green horns!" cried the knowing one, "it's near the breaking up of camp, and they are burying salt junk.

The four young men stepped from their tent.

It was a clear, moonlight night and all was still save the mournful strains of the fife and the muffled beat of the drum.

Brent had been informed that it was more an occasion of jolity than mourning, and yet a feeling of sadness came over him as the mournful music fell upon his ears.

At length the music drew nearer and nearer, and soon the head of the procession turned into his company street.

Such a sight!

For weirdness it excelled anything the young soldier had ever seen.

At the head of the procession marched the chief mourners.

Their uniforms were covered by long, flowing black gowns that enveloped their persons from head to foot.

There were eight chief monrners heading the sad procession, who, with measured tread and bent heads, slowly marched along, moaning and sobbing in the most sad and mournful manner.

Behind the chief mourners marched the members of the regiment, four abreast, clad in the most outlandish and uncouth manner.

Uniforms had been turned inside out. Blankets and bed quilts had been twisted and contorted in the most curious manner, and wrapped about the persons of the soldiers in the most grotesque and laughable shapes.

It was a strange and weird scene under the twinkling stars and full shining moon.

Brent and his companions fell into the spirit of the weird scene, and joined the processson, bringing up the rear.

Down past the Colonel's quarters, with measured tread and deep, sad moanings, marched the strange procession.

At length the head of the line reached the regimental flag staff, when the sad burial took place, with the usual mournful rites, and then the fearful scene began, and night was made hideous by the strange, wild, weird cries of sorrow that rose on every side.

Let the reader imagine five hundred dogs howling at one time gathered in one group, and you will conceive

but half of what occurred; as to the dogs they must add five hundred cats caterwauling in a dismal chorus and then some idea of the hideousness of the tone may be conceived, when night was made terrific by the horrible mourners.

For two hours this horrible din continued, and it was well into the morning when the mourners retired, and pressed their tear-wet cheeks against the smooth side of a blanket-covered knapsack.

Upon the last day but one our hero enjoyed one more experience.

A number of the soldiers were going from camp to attend a garden party that was given by a near-by resident to the officers of the regiment and a favored few of the privates.

Our hero and his tent mates were not of the favored few, but in a spirit of deviltry they determined to leave camp without leave and take it in, invited or not.

The guard had been doubled, possibly in anticipation of some such movement, and the difficulty of leaving camp was much greater than upon ordinary occasions.

The methods adopted were very ingenious.

A number of branches had been secured, and were arranged in such a manner that they could be attached to the persons of those who had determined to attempt the desperate chance of guard-running.

The sentinel paced his weary beat and over against the fence opened a clump of bushes.

Slowly those clump of bushes edged further and further across the line.

Running the guard.

They were rootless, it appeared.

So gradual was their movement that the wary sentinel did not notice their change of position.

The bewitched bushes only appeared to move when the sentinel's back was turned, as he paced to and fro.

Brent was the forward bush, and he enjoyed the novel sport hugely.

The scene in Macbeth was outdone by the moving bushes about that military camp.

At length the sentinel appeared to notice something strange about the bushes.

One of the bunches of twigs had changed its position right before his eyes.

The warning, "lay low Tom!" came too late.

The soldier with twigs strapped to his back had moved at the wrong moment.

A loud challenge was the result.

In a moment the bushes were still, only as their leaves were moved by the passing breeze.

A peremptory challenge came, and a ludicrous scene followed.

A small clump of bushes might have been seen hurriedly receding from the limit line of the camp.

The sentry called for the relief, and as the relief appeared a long line of bushes were seen actually leaping a high fence in the distance, and then, well, the intervening vista was devoid of any bushes at all.

It was as though a hurricane had swept over the field and had carried all vegetation before it.

Brent enjoyed the sport hugely, and it was about his last experience in his first camp, as upon the day following the regiment was ordered home.

Our hero called upon his black-eyed beauty and found her to be an accomplished and most charming girl.

Her beauty was not her only charm, however, as she was a girl of good sense and judgment, and withal a most loving and lovable person.

Brent was deeply enamored of this fair girl, and having become an off-handed, dashing sort of a chap, he made equally as bold and dashing a lover.

His inamorata was at that age when the girl is just budding into the young woman, and when her charms are hastening to the full radiance of their delightful period in female existence.

Brent proposed and was accepted.

He was rich, and there was no reason why they should not marry and settle down at once.

Alas! even at that moment a shadow was lowering over them.

The rumblings of war were heard upon the southern plains, and at length the storm burst, and the once happy America became enshrouded under the black clouds of war with all its accompanying sorrow and misery.

Brent was a soldier, and the regiment to which he belonged was among the first ordered to the front for temporary service.

The young man turned his back upon the brilliant experiences that had just opened before him, and with a stern brow and nobly beating heart, accompanied his regiment.

That which at first appeared like a mere emeute graduated into a gigantic and bitter war.

At the expiration of our hero's short enlistment, he returned to New York, and despite the pure allurements of love, despite all the inducements that beamed in the eyes of his beloved—and all the promises of a future of love and joy, he re-entered the service and became a soldier indeed.

It was a noble sacrifice—a magnificent example of self-denial.

Brent Adams' thorough drill, and experience as a citizen soldier, prepared him for the more trying ordeal as a campaigner in actual warfare.

His courage was magnificent, and in a short time he rose from grade to grade, until he found himself in command as a Colonel of a regiment of true and tried veterans.

Four times was he wounded and yet he re-joined his command, and at length, at the close of the war, had the honor and glory of returning with them.

Nearly five long years had the beautiful Miss Claflin waited for her hero.

Fate smiled upon them.

He was not brought home to the sad strains of the funeral fife and drum, but he came handsome and robust, his manly beauty neightened by the bronze caused by the exposure through many campaigns.

Our recruit, at last a war-toughened veteran, led his beautiful betrothed to the altar.

Brent, still a comparatively young man, takes an interest in our citizen soldiery, is ready at all times when they are assailed to point to his scars and say—

"Had I not been a militiaman, I would not have been prepared to follow the flag, and never would have won the honor which comes from these scars."

Bat–tal–ion– Shoul–der– Arms—